

W.L. DOUGLAS

\$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
W. L. Douglas shoes are actually de-
manded year after year by more people
than any other shoe in the world

BECAUSE W. L. Douglas
has been making
surprisingly good shoes
for forty-six years. This
experience of nearly half a cen-
tury in making shoes suitable
for men and women in all
walks of life should mean
something to you when you
need shoes and are looking
for the best shoe values for
your money.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes in
style, quality, material and work-
manship are better than ever
before; only by examining
them can you appreciate their
superior qualities.

No Matter Where You Live
shoe dealers can supply you
with W. L. Douglas shoes. If
not convenient to call at one
of our 110 stores in the large
cities, ask your shoe dealer
for W. L. Douglas shoes. The
same quality and price is
guaranteed by the name and
price stamped on the sole
of every pair before the
shoes leave the factory.
Refuse substitutes. Prices
are the same everywhere.

To Merchants: If you desire
in your store handles W. L.
Douglas shoes and shoes for
exclusive rights in handling this
quick selling, quick turn-over line,
write for catalog.



W. L. DOUGLAS shoes in
style, quality, material and work-
manship are better than ever
before; only by examining
them can you appreciate their
superior qualities.

**"I was smoking
my pipe when
it came to me"**

Which may, or may not,
be a boost for Edgeworth

How many good ideas are born in a
pipe of tobacco! There is something
in the calm contentment of smoking a
pipe that seems to open up the mind
for new ideas.

A busy man, a thinker, whose brain
is crisscrossed with a thousand im-
pressions, finds that smoking his pipe
wipes out most of the confusion, and
leaves his mind clear so that the new
idea, the inspiration, has a much
better chance to make its impression
—as if pipe-smoking wiped all the
chalk-marks from the blackboard of
the mind and invited new ideas, new
thoughts, and creative plans to out-
line themselves thereon.

Lots of men get good ideas when
shaving. Many more find their new
ideas when puffing away at the pipe.

The right kind of tobacco is an im-
portant matter to a pipe-smoker—
though, like breathing, he seldom
thinks of it. Having settled on a cer-
tain brand, it becomes a habit to buy
that. If the tobacco just suits his
taste, it doesn't matter what its name
is or what it costs—it becomes
his tobacco.

Edgeworth suits many men. We
presume there are some men who
wouldn't like Edgeworth. It is a
matter of individual taste—like eat-
ing onions.



made for them alone.

We want those men to try Edge-
worth. We would like to hand them
our pouch personally, but as that is
impossible, we'll do what we can.

The makers of Edgeworth will send
free samples to any pipe-smoker who
will ask for them. Simply send a postal
or a note asking for these free samples
and they'll come to you by the first
mail.

Edgeworth comes in two forms—
Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice. In
either form it is a moist, fragrant to-
bacco that packs nicely, lights quickly
and burns freely and evenly.

We can't promise that Edgeworth
will make brilliant ideas come to you;
but we are sure you will have a de-
lightful smoke—and after all, that's
all that good tobacco is supposed to
give.

For free samples, address your postal
or letter to Larus & Brother Com-
pany, 44 South 21st Street, Rich-
mond, Va. If you will mention the
name and address of the dealer from
whom you usually buy your tobacco,
your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If
your jobber cannot supply you with
Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Com-
pany will gladly send you prepaid by
parcel post a one- or two-dozen car-
ton of any size of Edgeworth Plug
Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same
price you would pay the jobber.

**Girls! Girls!!
Clear Your Skin
With Cuticura**

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Tablets 25c.

Father Was Ready.

He—Do you think your father would
be willing to help me in the future.

She—Well, I heard him say he felt
like kicking you into the middle of
next week.—London Tit-Bits.

Fifty per cent of the world's gold
comes from the Transvaal.

Look to Your Eyes

Beautiful Eyes, like fine
Tooth, are the result of Constant
Care. The daily use of Murine
cures Eye Clear and Radiant.
Enjoyable. Harmless. Sold and
Recommended by All Druggists.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 52-1922.

Beasley's Christmas Party

By BOOTH TARKINGTON



BEASLEY

SYNOPSIS—Newcomer in a small
town, a young newspaper man, who
tells the story, is amazed by the
unaccountable actions of a man
who, from the window of a fine
house, apparently has converse
with invisible personages, particu-
larly mentioning one "Simple-
doria." Next morning he discov-
ers his strange neighbor is the
Hon. David Beasley, prominent po-
litical, and universally respected.
With Miss Apperthwaite, he is an
unseen witness of a purely imagi-
nary jumping contest between
Beasley and a "Bill Hammerley."
Miss Apperthwaite appears deeply
concerned.

III.

I do not know why it should have
astonished me to find that Miss Ap-
perthwaite was a teacher of mathe-
matics except that (to my inexperi-
enced eye) she didn't look it. She
looked more like Charlotte Corday!

I had the pleasure of seeing her op-
posite me at lunch the next day (when
Mr. Dowden kept me occupied with
Spencer's politics, obviously from
fear that I would break out again),
but no stroll in the yard with her re-
warded me afterward, as I dimly
hoped, for she disappeared before I
left the table, and I did not see her
again for a fortnight. On week-days
she did not return to the house for
lunch, my only meal at Mrs. Apper-
thwaite's (I dined at a restaurant near
the Despatch office), and she was out
of town for a little visit, her mother
informed us, over the following Satur-
day and Sunday. She was not alto-
gether out of my thoughts, however—
indeed, she almost divided them with
the Honorable David Beasley.

A better view which I was afforded
of this gentleman did not lessen my
interest in him; increased it rather;
it also served to make the extraordi-
nary diodes of which he had been the
virtuoso and I the audience more than
ever profoundly inexplicable. My
glimpse of him in the lighted doorway
had given me the vaguest impression
of his appearance, but one afternoon—
a few days after my interview with
Miss Apperthwaite—I was starting for
the office and met him full-face-on as
he was turning in at his gate. I took
as careful notice of him as I could
without conspicuously glaring.

There was something remarkably
"taking," as we say, about this man—
something easy and genial and quizzical
and careless. He was the kind of
person you like to meet on the street;
whose cheerful passing sends you on
feeling indefinitely a little gaylier than
you did. He was tall, thin—even
gaunt, perhaps—and his face was long,
rather pale, and shrewd and gentle;
something in its oddity not unremind-
ful of the late Sol Smith Russell. His
hat was tilted back a little, the slight-
est bit to one side, and the sparse,
brownish hair above his high forehead
was going to be gray before long. He
looked about forty.

The truth is, I had expected to see
a cousin german to Don Quixote; I
had thought to detect signs and
gleams of wildness, however slight—
something a little "off." One glance
of that kindly and humorous eye told
me such expectation had been non-
sense. Odd he might have been—Gad-
zooks! he looked it—but "queer?"
Never. The fact that Miss Apper-
thwaite could picture such a man as
this "sitting and sitting and sitting"
himself into any form of mania or
madness whatever spoke loudly of her
own imagination, indeed! The key to
"Simpledoria" was to be sought un-
der some other mat.

As I began to know some of
my co-laborers on the Despatch, and
to pick up acquaintances, here and
there, about town, I sometimes made
Mr. Beasley the subject of inquiry.
Everybody knew him. "Oh, yes, I
know Dave Beasley!" would come the
reply, nearly always with a chuckling
sort of laugh. I gathered that he had
a name for "easy-going" which amount-
ed to eccentricity. It was said that
what the ward-boilers and camp-fol-
lowers got out of him in campaign
times made the political managers
cry. He was the first and readiest
prey for every fraud and swindler that
came to Wainwright, I heard, and yet,
in spite of this and of his hatred of
"speech-making" ("He's as silent as
Grant!" said one informant), he had
a large practice, and was one of the
most successful lawyers in the state.

One story they told of him (or, as
they were apt to put it, "on" him) was
repeated so often that I saw it had
become one of the town's traditions.
The bitter evening of February, they
related, he was approached upon the

street by a ragged, whining and shiv-
ering old reprobate, notorious for the
various ingenuities by which he had
worn out the patience of the charity
organizations. He asked Beasley for a
dime. Beasley had no money in his
pockets, but gave the man his over-
coat, went home without any himself,
and spent six weeks in bed with a bad
case of pneumonia as the direct re-
sult. His beneficiary sold the over-
coat, and invested the proceeds in a
five-days' spree, in the closing scenes
of which a couple of brickbats were
featured to high, spectacular effect.
One he sent through a jeweler's show-
window in an attempt to intimidate
some wholly imaginary pursuers, the
other he projected at a perfectly ac-
tual policeman who was endeavoring
to soothe him. The victim of Beas-
ley's charity and the officer were then
borne to the hospital in company.

It was due in part to recollections
of this legend and others of a similar
character that people laughed when
they said, "Oh, yes, I know Dave
Beasley."

Altogether, I should say, Beasley
was about the most popular man in
Wainwright. I could discover nowhere
anything, however, to shed the faint-
est light upon the mystery of Bill
Hammerley and Simpledoria. It was
not until the Sunday of Miss Apper-
thwaite's absence that the revelation
came.

That afternoon I went to call upon
the widow of a second-cousin of mine;
she lived in a cottage not far from
Mrs. Apperthwaite's, upon the same
street. I found her sitting on a pleas-



As I Began to Know Some of My Co-
Laborers on the Despatch, and to
Pick Up Acquaintances Here and
There About Town, I Sometimes
Made Mr. Beasley the Subject of
Inquiry.

ant veranda, with boxes of flowering
plants along the railing, though Indian
summer was now close upon depart-
ure. She was rocking upon a de-
parture. She was rocking meditatively,
and held a finger in a morocco vol-
ume, apparently of verse, though I
suspected she had been better enter-
tained in the observation of the people
and vehicles decorously passing along
the sunlit thoroughfare within her
view.

We exchanged inevitable questions
and news of mutual relatives; I had
told her how I liked my work and
what I thought of Wainwright, and
she was congratulating me upon hav-
ing found so pleasant a place to live
as Mrs. Apperthwaite's, when she in-
terrupted herself to smile and nod a
cordial greeting to two gentlemen
driving by. They waved their hats to
her gayly, then leaned back comfort-
ably against the cushions—and if ever
two men were obviously and incon-
spicuously on the best of terms with each
other, these two were. They were
David Beasley and Mr. Dowden.

"I do wish," said my cousin, resum-
ing her rocking—"I do wish dear Da-
vid Beasley would get a new car of
some kind; that old model of his is
a disgrace!" I suppose you have never
met him? Of course, living at Mrs.
Apperthwaite's, you wouldn't be apt to.

"But what is he doing with Mr.
Dowden?" I asked.

She lifted her eyebrows. "Why—
taking him for a drive, I suppose."

"No. I mean—how do they happen
to be together?"

"Why shouldn't they be? They're
old friends—"

"They are!" And, in answer to her
look of surprise, I explained that I
had begun to speak of Beasley at Mrs.
Apperthwaite's, and described the ab-
surdity with which Dowden had
changed the subject.

"I see," my cousin nodded, compre-
hendingly. "That's simple enough.
George Dowden didn't want you to
talk of Beasley there. I suppose it
may have been a little embarrassing
for everybody—especially if Ann Ap-
perthwaite heard you."

"Ann? That's Miss Apperthwaite?
Yes; I was speaking directly to her.
Why shouldn't she have heard me?
She talked of him herself a little later
—and at some length, too."

"She did!" My cousin stopped rock-
ing, and fixed me with her glittering
eye. "Well, of all!"

"Is it so surprising?"

The lady gave her boat to the waves
again. "Ann Apperthwaite thinks
about him still!" she said, with some-
thing like vindictiveness. "I've always
suspected it. She thought you were
new to the place and didn't know any-
thing about it all, or anybody to men-
tion it to. That's it!"

"I'm still new to the place," I urged,
"and still don't know anything about
it all."

"They used to be engaged," was her
succinct and emphatic answer. "Oh,
oh!" I cried. "I was an innocent,
wasn't I?"

"I'm glad she does think of him,"
said my cousin. "It serves her right.
I only hope he won't find it out, be-
cause he's a poor, faithless creature;
he'd jump at the chance to take her
back—and she doesn't deserve him."

"How long has it been," I asked,
"since they used to be engaged?"

"Oh, a good while—five or six years
ago, I think—maybe more; time skips
along. Ann Apperthwaite's no chick-
en, you know." (Such was the lady's
expression.) "They got engaged just
after she came home from college, and
of all the idiotically romantic girls—"

"But she's a teacher," I interrupted,
"of mathematics."

"Yes," she nodded wisely. "I al-
ways thought that explained it: the
romance is a reaction from the al-
gebra. I never knew a person con-
nected with mathematics or astronomy
or statistics, or any of those exact
things, who didn't have a crazy streak
in 'em somewhere. They've got to blow
off steam and be foolish to make up
for putting in so much of their time
at hard sense. But don't you think
that I dislike Ann Apperthwaite. She's
always been one of my best friends;
that's why I feel at liberty to abuse
her—and I always will abuse her
when I think how she treated poor
David Beasley."

"How did she treat him?"

"Threw him over out of a clear sky
one night, that's all. Just sent him
home and broke his heart; that is, it
would have been broken if he'd had
any kind of disposition except the one
the Lord blessed him with—just all
optimism and cheerfulness and make-
the-best-of-it-ness! He's never cared
for anybody else, and I guess he never
will."

"What did she do it for?"

"Nothing!" My cousin shot the in-
dignant word from her lips. "Nothing
in the wide world!"

"But there must have been—"

"Listen to me," she interrupted,
"and tell me if you ever heard any-
thing queerer in your life. They'd
been engaged—Heaven knows how
long—over two years; probably nearer
three—and always she kept putting it
off; wouldn't begin to get ready,
wouldn't set a day for the wedding.
Then Mr. Apperthwaite died, and left
her and her mother stranded high and
dry with nothing to live on. David
had everything in the world to give
her—and still she wouldn't! And then,
one day, she came up here and told
me she'd broken it off. Said she
couldn't stand it to be engaged to
David Beasley another minute!"

"But why?"

"Because"—my cousin's tone was
shrill with her despair of expressing
the satire she would have put into it—
"because, she said he was a man of
no imagination!"

"She still says so," I remarked,
thoughtfully.

"Then it's time she got a little im-
agination herself!" snapped my com-
panion. "David Beasley's the quietest
man God has made, but everybody
knows what he is! There are some
rare people in this world that aren't
all talk; there are some still rarer
ones that scarcely ever talk at all—
and David Beasley's one of them. I
don't know whether it's because he
can't talk, or if he can and hates to;
I only thank the Lord he's put a few
like that into this talky world! David
Beasley's smile is better than acres
of other people's talk. My Providence!
Wouldn't anybody just to look at him,
know that he does better than talk?
He thinks! The trouble with Ann Ap-
perthwaite was that she was too
young to see it. She was so full of
novels and poetry and dreaminess and
highfalutin nonsense she couldn't see
anything as it really was. She'd study
her mirror, and see such a heroine of
romance there that she just couldn't
bear to have a fiance who hadn't any
chance of turning out to be the crown-
prince of Kenosha in disguise! At the
very least, to suit her he'd have had
to wear a 'well-trimmed Vandike' and
coo sonnets in the gloaming, or read
'On a Balcony' to her by a red lamp."

"Well, sir, Dave's got some-
thing at home to keep him busy
—enough, these days, I expect."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Southwest News

From All Over

New Mexico and Arizona

Daily passenger service between
Phoenix and Winkelman has been re-
sumed by the Arizona Eastern.

Mrs. John Hall, wife of a well
known business man of Roswell, com-
mitted suicide by drowning herself in
the lake of the Country Club at Ros-
well.

The Mountain States Telephone &
Telegraph Co. will build a toll line to
 Gallup next year. The line will cost
\$100,000. The right of way has been
obtained and the material already or-
dered.

Yee Fong and Hu Hoe were held to
the Federal Court by United States
Commissioner John F. Hechtman of
Globe on a charge of possession of
three packages of yen shee (burnt
opium).

Burglars entered the home of John
Hennessey of Phoenix and carried
away furs and silverware valued at
\$2,000. Members of the family were
asleep in the house when the robbery
took place.

Federal warrants must be secured
by federal officers who wish to con-
duct a search of private homes for
liquor, according to a ruling by Judge
William H. Sawtelle in the United
States District Court at Phoenix.

Robert Smith of Miami, Ariz., was
instantly killed when the automobile
he was driving crashed through the
railing of a bridge and overturned into
a creek near Globe. Smith, who was
unmarried, was foreman of a Miami
smelter.

The new water and sewer systems
which have been under construction in
 Lordsburg, N. M., for some time have
been completed about fifty days in ad-
vance of the allotted time and will be
placed in operation as rapidly as the
connections can be made.

R. W. White, manager of the Cum-
berland group of mines near Hillsboro,
N. M., reports the finding of some of
the finest silver ore which has been
taken from these claims. Twelve
sacks of this ore have been tested out
and will run from \$500 to \$1,000 to
the ton.

Building programs calling for the
expenditure of more than two million
dollars were submitted to the Selig-
man commission to investigate the
building requirements of New Mexico's
state educational institutions when the
commission met recently at the call of
Arthur Seligman, chairman.

A body, believed to be that of Wil-
liam H. Brophy, millionaire banker of
Los Angeles and Arizona, who went
overboard and was drowned during a
storm in the Gulf of California a
month ago, was washed ashore on the
west Mexican coast and discovered by
fishermen, according to telegraphic re-
ports from Guaymas received in No-
gales.

Marcellino A. Ortiz, for years a lead-
ing Republican in Santa Fé county,
county assessor and member of the
Santa Fé City Council, was recently
arrested in Santa Fé, charged in a
criminal information signed by As-
sistant District Attorney A. M. Edwards
with violation of the anti-gambling
laws. Ortiz was arrested with three
other in a recent raid.

At a recent meeting of the directors
of the Chamber of Commerce of Las
Cruces, the new system for the light-
ing of the city streets was discussed.
If the present plans are carried out
ornamental steel posts will be set
along the streets on which will be
mounted 250 candle power lights. The
total cost of the new system will be
over \$2,000.

Warden Placido Jaramillo of the
penitentiary applied to Governor
Mechem for a requisition for J. W.
Williams, alias L. R. Higgins, who es-
caped from a road camp in Socorro
county July 18, 1918, while acting as
trustee and who now has been reported
in Oklahoma City, Okla. The applica-
tion was approved by the governor.

There will be fifty-eight Democrats
and seven Republicans in the sixth
Arizona Legislature when it convenes
early in January, according to the of-
ficial roster of the membership of that
body, made public by Ernest R. Hall,
secretary of state. The upper House
will be composed of eighteen Demo-
crats and one Republican and the lower
House will number forty Democrats
and six Republicans.

Governor-elect George W. P. Hunt
has announced the selection of Robert
B. Sims of Florence for appointment
as warden of the Arizona state peni-
tentiary at Florence after January 1.
The governor-elect also announced the
selection of J. J. Sanders of Prescott
as superintendent of the Fort Grant
Industrial school and R. H. Thielmann
of Somerton, Yuma county, as state
senior of weights and measures.

The country was urged to turn its
attention to development of its re-
sources by Governor Thomas E. Camp-
bell of Arizona in an address before
nearly a score of state chief executives
attending the fourteenth annual con-
vention of governors at White Sulphur
Springs, W. Va.

If the plan of the farmers of that
part of New Mexico are carried out,
cotton will be one of the big crops of
De Baca county during the coming
year. It is said that there are hun-
dreds of acres of land in the county
which is well fitted for the crop.

Merchant Now Eats Anything on Table

"By the help of Tanlac I have over-
come a case of nervous indigestion I
had suffered from for ten or twelve
years," is the emphatic statement of
Norman W. Brown, well-known wall
paper and paint dealer, of 213 N.
Cedar St., Charlotte, N. C.

"My stomach was always out of fix
and everything disagreed with me. I
was troubled with heartburn and dis-
tension, and at times there was a pres-
sure of gas around my heart that al-
most cut off my breath."

"Since taking Tanlac my digestion
is fine. My appetite is a wonder and
I eat just anything I want. In fact,
my stomach acts and feels just like a
new one and my nerves are as steady
as a die. To put it all in a few words,
I am just the same as a new man.
It's a pleasure for me to tell my
friends about Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists
—Advertisement.

Not There.

"Philosophers are plentiful."
"You never run across one in the
waiting room of a dentist."

A FEELING OF SECURITY

You naturally feel secure when you
know that the medicine you are about
to take is absolutely pure and contains no
harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp
Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy.
The same standard of purity, strength
and excellence is maintained in every bot-
tle of Swamp Root.

It is scientifically compounded from
vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in
teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything.
It is nature's great helper in relieving
and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder
troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with
every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp
Root.

If you need a medicine, you should
have the best. On sale at all drug stores
in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this
great preparation send ten cents to Dr.
Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a
sample bottle. When writing be sure
and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

More than 20,000 steamers, tugs and
barges ply the River Rhine.

No man ever does as much today as
he is going to do tomorrow.

Not a Laxative

Nujol is a lubricant—not a
medicine or laxative—so
cannot gripe.

When you are constipated,
not enough of Nature's
lubricating liquid is pro-
duced in the bowel to keep
the food waste soft and
moving. Doctors prescribe
Nujol because
it acts like
this natural
lubricant and
thus replaces
it. Try it to-
day.



Nujol
A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

BEAUTY IN EVERY BOX
KREMOL is a medicated cream white cream
that does wonders for the complexion. Removes
tan, freckles, pimples, etc. etc. A wonder-
ful face bleach. Mail \$1.00. FREE BOOKLET.
DR. C. H. BERRY CO., 2975 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO



**TOO
LATE**

Death only a matter of short time.
Don't wait until pains and aches
become incurable diseases. Avoid
painful consequences by taking

**LATHROP'S
GOLD MEDAL
HAARLEM OIL
CAPSULES**

The world's standard remedy for kidney,
liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—the
National Remedy of Holland since 1696.
Guaranteed. Three sizes, all druggists.
Look for the name Gold Medal on every